Shal: M. *Page*, I haue ſeene the day that yong
Tall fellowes with their ſtroke and their paſſado,
I haue made them trudge Maſter *Page*,
A tis the heart, the heart doth all:
I haue ſeene the day, with my two hand ſword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rats.

Hoſt: Here boyes, ſhall we wag, ſhall we wag?

Shal. Ha with you mine hoſt.

Exit Hoſt and Shallow.

Page: Come M. *Ford*, ſhall we to dinner?
I know theſe fellowes ſticks in your minde.

For: No in good ſadneſſe, not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
I will not leaue it ſo:
Come M. *Page*, ſhall we to dinner?

Page. With all my heart ſir, Ile follow you.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Iohn and Piſtoll.

Fal: Ile not lend thee a peny.

Piſtoll: I will retort the ſum in equipage.

Fal: Not a peny: I haue bin content you ſhould lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vppon my good friends for three repriues, for you and your Coach-fellow *Nym*, elſe you might haue looked thorough a grate like a geminy of Baboones. I am damned in hel for ſwearing to Gentlemen y'are good ſoldiers and tall fellowes: And when miſtris *Bridget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I tooke it on my honeſty thou hadſt it not.

Piſtoll: Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

Fal: Reaſon you rogue, reaſon.
Doſt thou thinke Ile endanger my ſoule gratis?
In briefe, hang no more about me, I am no gybite for you. A ſhort knife and a throng to your manner of pickt-hatch, goe. You'l not beare a Letter for me you rogue you: you ſtand vpon your honour. Why thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe thou, tis as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor preciſe. I, I my ſelfe ſomtimes, leauing the feare of God on the left hand, am faine to ſhuffle, to filch and to lurch. And yet you ſtand vpon your honour, you rogue: you, you.

Piſtoll: I do recant, what woldſt thou more of man?

Fal: Well, go too, away, no more.

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.

Quic: Good you god den ſir.

Fal: Good den faire wife.

Quic: Not ſo ant like your worſhip.

Fal: Faire maid then.

Quic: That I am Ile be ſworne, as my Mother was
The firſt houre I was borne.
Sir, I would ſpeake with you in priuate.

Fal: Say on I prethee, heeres none but my owne houſhold.

Quic: Are they ſo? Now God bleſſe them, & make them his ſeruants.
Sir, I come from Miſtris *Foord*.

Fal: So, from miſtris *Foord*. Goe on.

Quic: I ſir, ſhe hath ſent me to you to let you
Vnderſtand ſhe hath receiued your Letter,